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Something Upstairs



137 3 9

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I was living perfectly in California. I'm 10 years old. I've never seen snow before. In California there isn't any snow! Well, there's no snow where I live in California. Unfortunately 'till I moved away. To Rhode Island. Ugh. We got to our new house in Rhode Island. I hate it. My bedroom is in the attic. In the attic, it feels creepy. It's just that the attic is really big and it's always silent. There are two rooms from the attic. I went into the second room. There was a stain on the floor. It looked like human blood. I learned that there were people long ago who lived at my new house. They owned slaves. That afternoon, we spent the most of the day unpacking things. Then, it was already time to go to bed.

I woke up in the middle of the night. I heard scratching noises. I got out of bed. I got my flashlight from my nightstand. I quietly walked to the second door. I peeked inside. From the stain on the floor, there were hands. Hands moving the boxes I left there. Soon, all the boxes were moved. Then, the hands grabbed the floor as if the hands were pulling something up. A body appeared. It looked like a ghost. It turned my way. I was scared. But then, it looked as if the ghost was scared of me!

Chapter 2 by Semi



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"W-what a-are you? C-can y-you unders-stand me?" She nodded but didn't say anything else.

"C-can you t-talk? W-what's y-your name?" She seems so uncertain.

I can't believe I'm actually talking to a ghost! I didn't even know what I was doing til I already took a step towards her. She stood up and disappeared!

"Ah!" Thud! I got startled and fell to the floor with a loud thud.

I can hear my mom coming up the stairs to my room. "Sweety!? Are you okay!?" She helps me up while checking me for any injuries. "I-I'm okay." I look to where she was and see no trace of what just happened, not even the floor boards were out of place. "Okay then. Come on you need to go back to bed." "Okay mom..."

Chapter 3 by A Lamp



As I walked to bed, I thought about what had just happened.

was that a dead slave? I thought to myself. Maybe it was. I got into bed and closed my eyes.

Soon after, more scratching woke me. I looked over, the boxes in my room were moving now.

But they stopped when I looked at them.

"Hello?" I called out, knowing if it was the same ghost I probably wouldn't get an answer.

Something echoed me. Only in a different voice.

"I know you're there!" I called again.

"I know you're there!" It replied.

"Stop!" I said

"Stop!" It replied, then showed itself. It was a female looking ghost. She had a sad look on her face. I got up to get closer.

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